

W. H. MILLIER tells how Powerful Infighter Gunner Moir Defeated Classic Stylist Bombardier Wells



Stocky, crouching in-fighter, Gunner Moir gave Wells his first K.O.

Calling P.O. Charles Gill— Here's Mary with "Hot News" piping Hot

FROM machine ironer in a laundry to blacksmith in the works attached to a great naval construction dock has meant a big change to 18-year-old Mary Stevens, sister-in-law of Petty Officer Charles Gill. Mary lives in a big North-Western industrial town.

Mary's job is in the blacksmith's department. She "hots up" rivets for the boiler-makers working on ships' engines — and she's the best "hotter-up" they've got in the works, Charlie.

"She's an excellent worker," says Riveter Alf Maguire. "We must have rivets at the right temperature, and it is necessary to have a 'hotter-up' who is a fast worker. Mary is certainly a fast worker. She can 'hot up' as many as 600 inch-by 3/4-inch rivets in a working week. She has an important job. If the 'hotter-up' is slow, the riveter cannot get on and production is delayed."

Mary has a little forge of her own. The fire is fanned by an electrically operated air pump. She heats the rivets until they are white hot, and uses tongs to carry them to the man with the big hammer. Her work finds its way into the Navy's guns in both surface ships and submarines.

The art of her job is in avoiding burning the rivets. That is not a joke. Rivets can be spoiled by "burning" if they slightly pass the early white-heat stage.

Mary says she will be glad when the war is over so that she can go back to ironing the boys' collars and cuffs. She likes being a blacksmith, but thinks the demand for guns will be on the decline when the Navy have settled the job.



When Bombardier Wells met Gunner Moir, he not only suffered his first defeat, but started the long argument, still running of "Classic" v. "Crouch," or British Style v. American.

★ ★ ★

ON the night that Bombardier Wells scored his spectacular success over Pte. Voyles by finishing his man with the most devastating right-hand punch seen in this country in living memory, there was another encounter in the series of heavy-weight eliminating contests. This was the meeting of Seaman Parsons and Herbert Synnott, of Australia.

As a contest this does not call for any special description, because it was the antithesis to the Wells-Voyles affair, and was as dreary as the other was exciting. Parsons won by a knock-out in the ninth round. That goes on record as the official verdict, but in reality the defeat was due to a miscalculation on the part of the Australian, who had his back to the timekeeper and was resting on one knee when he was counted out.

That, however, was how Seaman Parsons qualified for the position of next opponent for Bombardier Wells. That fight can be dismissed as briefly as Wells despatched his opponent. Parsons was knocked out in the first round.

This quick victory led to the meeting with Gunner Moir, who, although nominally but an ex-champion of Great Britain, was still probably the best heavy-weight in the country at that time.

The meeting had to come about sooner or later, and for his part Wells thought the sooner the better, though in truth it would have been as well for him if he had waited to get a little more experience before tackling so formidable an opponent.

The old Gunner wanted nothing better than to have a crack at this youngster who had attracted so much publicity. He badly wanted his revenge for that beating he was given in Apollo's gymnasium when Wells had his first try-out. Moir had only one regret about this contest and that was the fact that his old manager and kindly counsellor, Major Best, would not be there to see him give Wells the beating he felt sure he could give him.

Remember, Major Best was the one who doubted whether Wells would ever make a successful fighter. The old sportsman breathed his last just twenty-four hours before the big fight took place.

PACKED WITH THRILLS.

This match had attracted the public attention as being something out of the ordinary and was one of Hugh D. McIntosh's most successful London promotions. It is not unusual for matches that create such a big stir beforehand to peter out in rather disappointing contests, but this one was a notable exception. There were more thrills packed into the three rounds the affair lasted than in many a twenty-round battle.

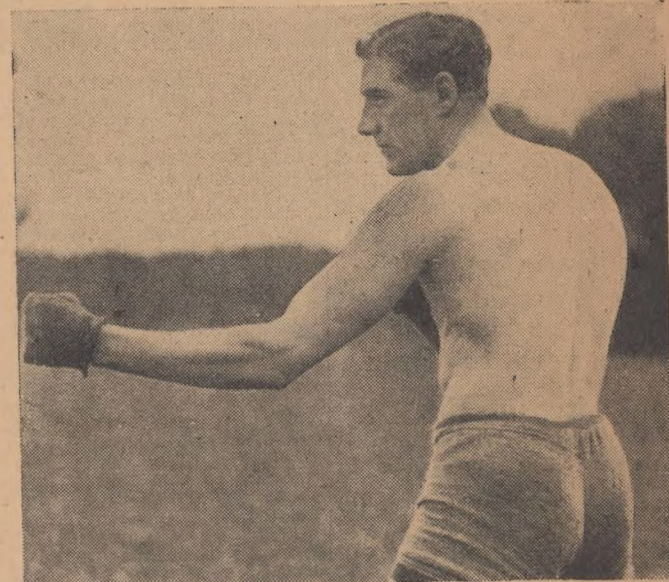
Wells had given his opponent a boxing lesson in that private bout I mentioned earlier. The first round of this real fight with Moir was a repetition of that. At the start Wells boxed with superb skill. His left hand was seldom out of Moir's face and his right shook him up badly, so much so that it was difficult to visualise Moir as the man who went ten rounds with Tommy Burns. In fact Moir was made to look like a clumsy novice.

Wells was so vastly superior in boxing skill that he won that first round by such a big margin that hundreds of spectators left their seats to get nearer the doors, thinking the fight was all over, bar the shouting. Some people actually left the building and thus missed the real thrills of that remarkable fight.

It was hardly possible to name the odds on Wells at the close of the first round. Yet, what a different story it was soon after the second round had started. Moir, during the minute's rest, must have come to the conclusion that he hadn't the ghost of a chance of beating his opponent at long range boxing and resolved to turn the tables by fighting.

MOIR A GREAT WRESTLER.

Moir was famous for the



Bombardier Wells found his classic style battered down.

damaging effect of his powerful drives to the body, and what he did not know about wrestling was scarcely worth knowing. He used to tour the music halls as wrestling partner to Hacken-smidt. Moir had gone to his corner at the end of the first round looking for all the world like a man who is "out" on his feet. It must have surprised Wells as much as it did the spectators to see Moir jump to the centre of the ring as fresh as the proverbial daisy for the second round. It bespoke the well-trained athlete.

Protecting his face and head with his arms, Moir charged in, bent on getting at close quarters, and he succeeded. He rammed home his right to the solar-plexus, and Wells floundered and flopped to the floor. He was in a bad way and seemed helpless. Struggling to his feet, Wells tried to get going, but somehow it seemed that his brain had ceased to function, and he groped his way in a befuddled manner that was in such strange contrast to the perfect boxing of the previous round.

Moir got in close again and thrust at his rival's body. Wells clinched and gained nothing in the process. He had only to stand off and box his man to win easily, but it was obvious that that body punch had taken him right out of his stride. He simply couldn't think clearly.

Moir was badly shaken by a right clip to the jaw as he charged in, and Wells could have finished the fight off-hand

if only he had followed up. Both were groggy before the end of the round, and it was a toss-up which went out first. It was evident that Moir's stamina was superior. He came out fairly fresh for the third round, whereas it was apparent that Wells still suffered from the effects of that punch to the solar-plexus.

HUNG HELPLESS ON ROPES.

Still, the thrills were hair-raising. Moir's face was badly battered and he ran full tilt into a straight left as he charged his way to close quarters. Wells shook him with a right and forced him nearly out of the ring as the Gunner hung helpless on the ropes. Here Wells could have finished his man but he drew away, and his friends groaned as he gave Moir another "life."

It was his undoing. Moir recovered sufficiently to get to grips, and as he drove his right hard to the body, Wells fell on his back and Moir went with him, his knees driving out any wind that Wells might have had left in him after that body punch.

It was the end. Wells struggled up just as "out" was called, and fell again immediately, this time toppling on to his face.

Thus Moir gained his revenge and Wells suffered his first defeat. It was the only time that Wells had been billed as "the only undefeated heavy-weight in the world."

This is a Sea fight with no end Says Russell Sinclair

ANY time you submariners sail past the southern end of the Isle of Thanet, take a look at Richborough. In Roman occupation days the sea came about three miles inland, and their war vessels swept past and over what are now meadows.

On the other hand, Reculver, near Herne Bay, has only two towers left to remind us of the days when the land jutted far out into the sea. Trinity House keeps these two towers as navigational marks.

These two instances alone remind you (and us) of the sea fight that never ends around the British coasts.

Up in the north of Scotland, not far from Thurso, there is now a seashore where a four-

ishing town once stood. The sea buried the place and the ruins are still under the piling-up sand.

It has been estimated scientifically, and not by mere guesswork, that if coast erosion continues for another thousand years without check the whole of England and Wales may then be under water!

In the last half-dozen years it has cost municipalities and the Government something like two million sterling to keep our five-thousand mile coastline as it is. The sea never lets up in its attack.

At Horsey, in Norfolk, some years ago, a heavy embankment built to keep the sea out was swept away, and the village was

swamped twice by gales, floods and encroachment.

A YEARLY MOUTHFUL.

Every year, it is said, Britain loses a tract of land as big as the Rock of Gibraltar in area, and within the last twenty-five years the sea has sliced off a bit as big as half Greater London.

The biggest losses occur around the East and South Coasts, where the rocks are softer than elsewhere — mostly chalk and limestone. But the granite of Cornwall and Devon also is worn away gradually.

Along the shores of Holderness, which stretches south from Bridlington, the ocean has encroached more than a mile and a half in 700 years, submerging villages and towns of the Middle Ages in the flood. Even today the cliffs are losing about a dozen feet every year.

On the other hand, the sea for the future.

elsewhere is leaving the shores. Hedon, a few miles from Hull, was at one time a big shipbuilding port. It is now nearly two miles from the sea. On the inner side of Spurn Point the sea has washed in much gravel and thousands of tons of stones, and so has pushed the promontory farther south-west.

The beaches at Dungeness, Portland, and at Aldeburgh, in Suffolk, are largely made up of material which the ocean has thrown on to the land and thereby formed a sort of barrier against itself.

At one time both King's Lynn and Boston were seaports and ships sailed up to Ely. The Fen district was covered with water.

Now, owing to the efforts to beat the sea large tracts of land are being recovered and made to bear harvests in this war and

Periscope
PageQUIZ
for today

1. What is a husky?
2. Who wrote (a) The Pirate, (b) The Pirates of Penzance?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Lady Day, Whit Sunday, Midsummer Day, Michaelmas, Christmas Day.
4. What is the meaning of Q.E.D.?
5. What and where is the Deccan?
6. What is a sourdough?
7. What is a Spoonerism?
8. An eschscholtzia is a musical instrument, a flower, a drug, a variety of dog, a kind of sausage?
9. Who were Messrs. Dodson and Fogg?
10. Who referred to "the light fantastic toe"?
11. What was the date of Mussolini's "March on Rome"?
12. What is a swingletree?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 136

1. A breed of dogs akin to Eskimo dogs, much used by Belgian bargees.
2. (a) Edgar Allan Poe, (b) Henry Kingsley.
3. J. B. Priestley is still living; the others are not.
4. The Nore Lightship, in 1732.
5. In County Mayo, Ireland.
6. A very large wine bottle.
7. Lazy, useless.
8. Cooking. It is a wild thyme.
9. Robert Burns.
10. The girl Kippis married, in H. G. Wells's "Kippis."
11. In 1662 a tax of two shillings each was imposed on chimneys.
12. In America, a second-year student.

WANGLING
WORDS—99

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after NSUALI, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of TED'S NEAT SUIT, to make a republic.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: NEXT into DOOR, FLAT into FISH, TRAM into FARE, NUTS into WINE.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MACHINERY?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 98

1. STRONGEST.
2. RHODESIA.
3. PLUM, PLUG, SLUG, SLUT, SLAT, SEAT, PEAT, PERT, PART, TART, DOTS, DOTH, BOTH, BATH, BASH, DASH, REAL, TEAL, TELL, TALL, TALE, TAKE, FAKE, ALE, ALL, AIL, AIT, PIT, POT, PAT, PAN, CAN.
4. Tied, Tide, Deed, Gild, Tile, Heed, Hied, Held, Gilt, Died, Heel, Hide, Hied, etc. Light, Elite, Elide, Liege, Tiled, Glide, Lithe, Dight, etc.

Send us your stories
jokes, drawings
and ideas—help
produce your own
newspaper

R. L. Stevenson tells
HOW HYDE BECAME
MORE DEVILISH

I MUST here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed.

Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine-tenths a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted.

Hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other.

Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. Yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome.

This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine.

In so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I take it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil.

Edward Hyde alone, in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

I lingered but a moment at the mirror; the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine.

Hurrying back to my cabinet, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature and the face of Henry Jekyll.

That night I had come to the fatal cross-roads. Had I approached my discovery in a more noble spirit, had I risked the experiment while under the empire of generous or pious aspirations, all must have been otherwise, and from these agonies of death and birth I had come forth an angel instead of a fiend.

The drug had no discriminating action; it was neither diabolical nor divine; it but shook the doors of the prison-house of my disposition; and, like the captives of Philippi, that which stood within ran forth.

At that time my virtue slumbered; my evil, kept awake by ambition, was alert and swift to seize the occasion, and the thing that was projected was Edward Hyde.

Hence, although I had now two characters as well as two appearances, one was wholly evil, and the other was still the old Henry Jekyll, that incongruous compound of whose reformation and improvement I had already learned to despair. The movement was thus wholly toward the worse.

Even at that time I had not yet conquered my aversion to the dryness of a life of study. I would still be merrily disposed at times; and as my pleasures were (to say the least) undignified, and I was not only well known and highly considered,

but growing towards the elderly man, this incoherency of my life was daily growing more unwelcome.

It was on this side that my new power tempted me until I fell in slavery.

I had but to drink the cup, to doff at once the body of the noted professor, and to assume, like a thick cloak, that of Edward Hyde.

I smiled at the notion; it

knew to be silent and unscrupulous.

On the other side, I announced to my servants that a Mr. Hyde (whom I described) was to have full liberty and power about my house in the square; and, to parry mishaps, I even called and made myself a familiar object in my second character.

I next drew up that will to which you so much objected, so

reputation sat under shelter. I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could thus plod in the public eye with a load of genial respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off these lendings and spring headlong into the sea of liberty.

But for me, in my impenetrable mantle, the safety was complete. Think of it—I did not even exist! Let me but escape into my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready.

And, whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror; and there in his stead, quietly at home, trimming the midnight lamp in his study, a man who could afford to laugh at suspicion, would be Henry Jekyll.

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified; I would scarce use a harder term. But in the hands of Edward Hyde they soon began to turn towards the monstrous.

When I would come back from these excursions, I was often plunged into a kind of wonder at my vicarious depravity.

This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently

ROUND THE WORLD
with our
Roving Cameraman

MOROCCO CONFERENCE HUSH-HUSH.
High up on the terrace of a modern building in Algiers, two Arabs contemplate the past, present, and future. Maybe. Or the price of dates. Or their matrimonial affairs. They are standing on historic ground, for it was near here that Dey Hussein struck the French Consul with a fly-whisk in April, 1827—and the result was war and the capture of the port by the French. It is said that nobody ever knows what an Arab is thinking. It looks twice as difficult in the case of these two. Maybe they are just standing. This one isn't their war, anyway!

seemed to me at the time to be humorous; and I made my preparations with the most studious care. I took and furnished that house in Soho, to which Hyde was tracked by the police, and engaged as housekeeper a creature whom I well

that if anything befell me in the person of Dr. Jekyll, I could enter on that of Edward Hyde without pecuniary loss.

Thus fortified, as I supposed, on every side, I began to profit by the strange immunities of my position.

Men have before hired bravos to transact their crimes, while their own person and

JANE



WHAT THE BLAZES!—
TWO JANES?—
AM I SEEING
DOUBLE?



NO—WE'VE BOTH
KISSED THE WRONG
GIRL, GEORGIE!—
WE MUST CHANGE
PARTNERS!—THIS
IS YOUR JANE—



—AND THIS IS
MY CLOTILDE!—DON'T
YOU REMEMBER THE
BLONDE PAGE YOU
SMACKED ON—

THE QUEEN!—
GOOD HEAVENS!!—
WELL, YOU'RE
ONE SLAP UP
ON ME, YOUR
MAJESTY!

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first's in MACHINE, but not MAGNETO,
My second's in MUSTANG, but not MOSQUITO,
My third is in COVER, though not in AWNING,
My fourth is in "GOOD," yet not in "MORNING,"
My fifth is in REINS, but not in CRUPPER,
My sixth is in LIFEBOAT, though not in SCUPPER,
My last is in BREAKFAST, so not in SUPPER.

(Answer on Page 3)

malign and villainous; his every act and thought centred on self; drinking pleasure with bestial avidity from any degree of torture to another; relentless like a man of stone.

Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty.

Jekyll was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities seemingly unimpaired; he would even make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde. And thus his conscience slumbered.

(To be continued)

NUMERICAL PUZZLE

AT a charity show a collection was taken up for the cause in three plates. The Centre plate plus the Left totalled six times the Right. The Centre plus the Right was double the Left.

The chairman added 8/- to each plate, which made the Right plate half the Left and one-third of the Centre plate. And the final figures were? (Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10							11	
12				13		14		
15				16		17		
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38					39			

CLUES ACROSS.

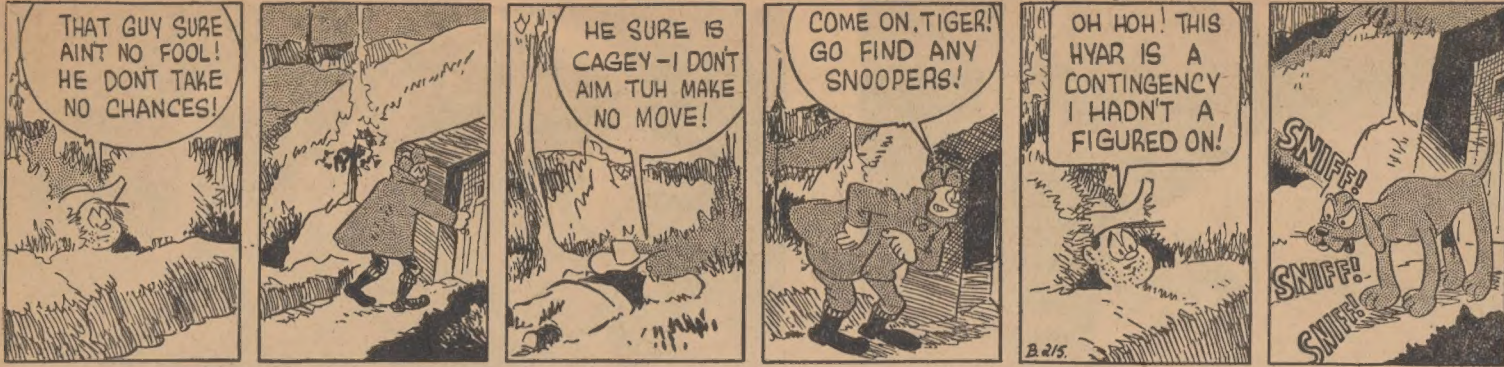
- 1 Handle.
- 5 Journals.
- 10 Animate.
- 11 Allow.
- 12 Minute portion.
- 13 Hair-grease.
- 15 Toe.
- 17 Saltpetre.
- 18 Parent.
- 20 Want.
- 21 Trophy.
- 23 Unadulterated.
- 25 Pile.
- 27 Slough.
- 30 Dance.
- 32 Rainy weather.
- 33 Series of degrees.
- 35 Darken.
- 37 Arbitrator.
- 38 European.
- 39 Dot.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Chief.
- 2 Old-fashioned.
- 3 Thrash.
- 4 Shy.
- 5 Vigour.
- 6 Presently.
- 7 Make exultant.
- 8 Remedied.
- 9 Horse.
- 14 Collier.
- 16 Strike lightly.
- 19 Inarticulate.
- 21 Gulfs.
- 22 Promenade.
- 24 Chaffs.
- 26 Whimpered.
- 28 Conscious.
- 29 Piece of meat.
- 31 Lake.
- 34 Female animal.
- 36 Climbing plant.

CRAYON FELL
HEM HABITUE
UPON BEFOGS
BLUES NEN S
INTONES CO
ACT L A FEN
BA SUSTAIN
S CUB HINTS
UPHELD MARE
READERS LAW
DATE YOKELS

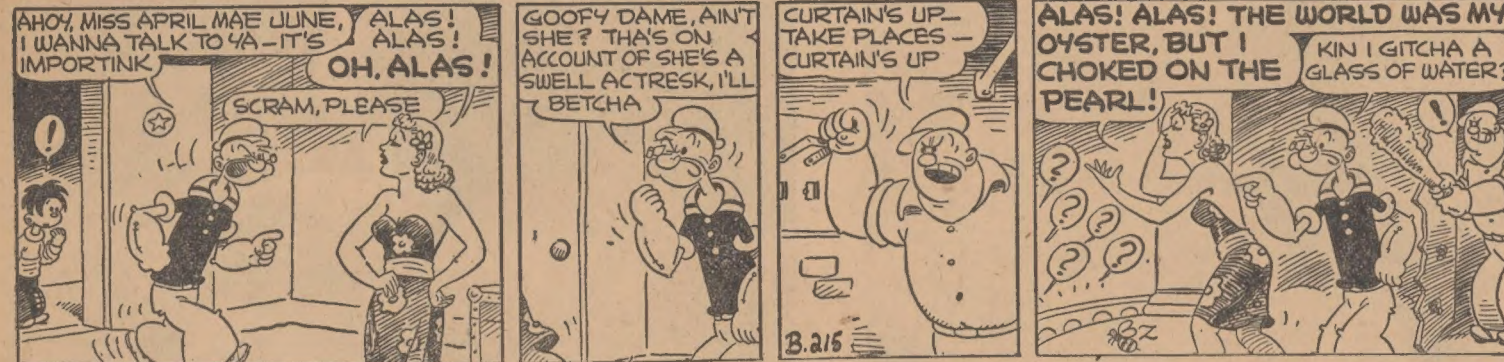
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



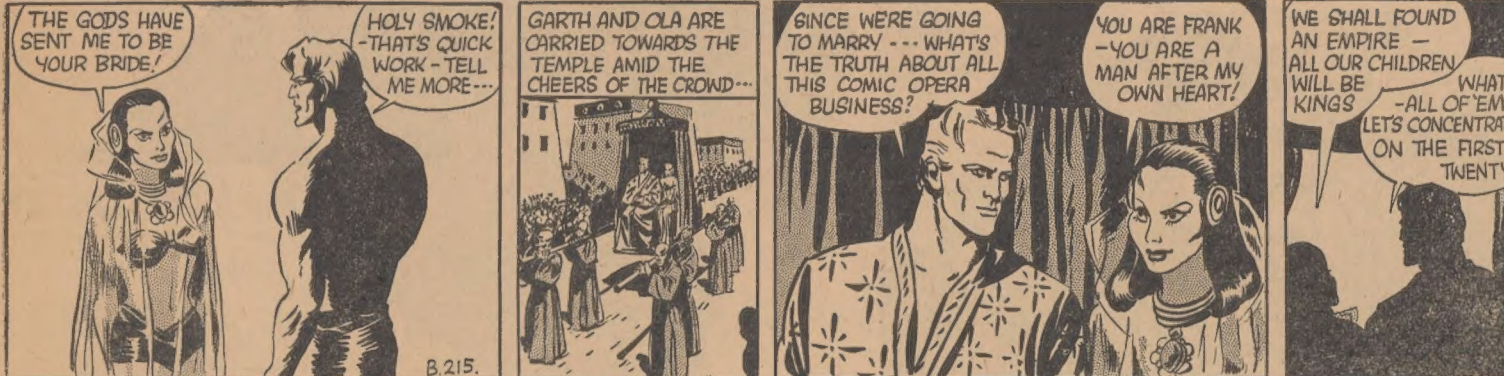
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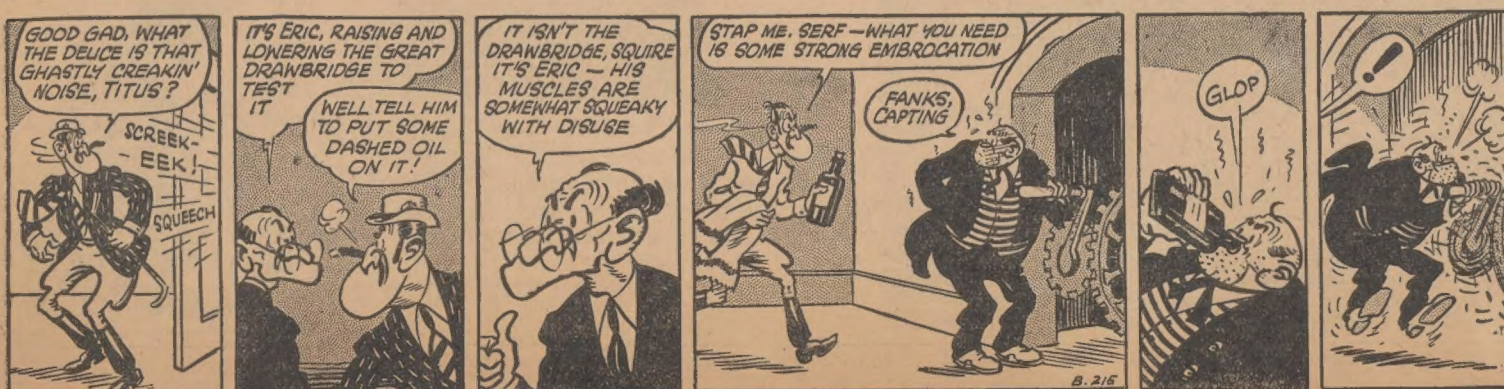
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Slaughter of the Baboons

By C. N. DORAN



ANOTHER war is going on in South Africa, and looks like continuing for many years. It is the war on baboons.

If you kill a baboon and cut off its tail for proof, you can earn up to ten shillings from the South African Government.

The reason is that the loss to farmers and agriculturalists in the Transvaal mealiefields works out at up to a quarter of a million sterling. The baboons are the cause.

It is a remarkable fact that baboons will retreat when an armed man approaches, but they have no fear when women are in view.

Some few years ago two baboons raided the nurses' home next the hospital at Lobatsi, in Bechuanaland. They smashed chairs, vases, furniture, wrecked the radio set and clocks, broke open cupboards, and generally played havoc. Because there were no men about. And the two rogue baboons knew it.

A FOWL RAID.

At the little town of Maritzani a troupe of 200 baboons, driven by hunger from the hills, raided the railway settlement in full daylight. In ten minutes there was not a live fowl in the township. When men rushed to the spot with guns the baboons fled, growling, to the hills again.

In one night, four sheep in a farming district in the North Transvaal were slaughtered, the door of a shed was ripped from its hinges, and a school was entered and laid waste. Nobody knew how many baboons were in that raid; but a Great Dane, belonging to the farmer, roared out to the attack.

Five minutes later the body of the Great Dane was cast into the cow pen, torn and mangled by the baboons.

Farther south, an owner of a homestead came one evening to his house to find everybody gone and the place in possession of about twenty baboons. Everyone of them was drunk.

OVER THE EIGHT.

They had broken into his stock of wine and drunk every drop. The heat of the day had added to their condition; but there were several baboons staggering about the yard, performing queer antics, not knowing why they couldn't walk upright. At the approach of the armed man the baboons awoke their companions and made off.

It is known that troops of baboons are organised by their leaders. When they retreat it is seldom in disorder, and it has been found that these troops on a raid usually have a sentinel, who warns the others when a man approaches.

Not only so, but if the man is unarmed the sentinel gives the alarm at a later period. The baboons seem to know they are safe if there is no gun.

Troops generally consist of from twenty to a hundred baboons. They hunt in packs over a wide area, and each pack has its boundaries across which the members never go. It has been known that a pack will "outlaw" a lone rogue when he hunts alone; and they will kill him (or her) in time.

Natives in tropical Africa believe that baboons were once human beings who refused to work and so were turned into the forests.

Some Hottentot tribes say the baboons could talk if they wished, but they are too cunning, because then the whites would make them work.

NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

Although baboons have been made pets-when caught young-after a certain length of time they cannot be trusted. They go wild. At Harrismith, a Mr. de Wet kept a pet baboon. It was very tame; but one day, when out for a walk with it, he found it trying to thrust him over a cliff.

He fought with it, and at length had to shoot it to save his own life.

The only creatures baboons fear are snakes. Yet their favourite food is scorpions, and they can be seen nervously turning over stones for scorpions and watching at the same time that there is no snake about.

Solution to Allied Ports
CARDIFF

Numerical Puzzle

Solution: Centre, £4/16/0;
Left, £3/4/0; Right, £1/12/0.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

HI THERE!



"Say, young feller me-lad, you can't gad around like that, 'taint decent."

This England

Harvesting oats at Hertingfordbury, Herts.



As if beauty isn't enough, Rita Hayworth, Columbia star, has dancing feet as well. And they're red-hot, too, otherwise she wouldn't have paired up with that super artist, Fred Astaire, as she has.

YOU MISERABLE PUPPY



"Come on, be matey, and stop sulking. I'm not asking much, and I'm lighter than a feather, because I'm featherless."



"Ah, that's better. NOW I can look around. Lots of things happening, too. Keep awake and I'll tell you all about them."



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ladies in Retirement, Huh!"



"Guess we can afford to laugh at life now. Some grand times we've had, but this retirement at South Mimms sure gives one chance to reflect in comfort. Haw, Haw."